TOMB OF DRACULA
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THE TOMB OF DRACULA™
MAN BY DAY-- WEREWOLF BY NIGHT!
TWO OF MARVEL'S MOST MACABRE SUPER-STARS --IN A BATTLE OF THE MONSTERS!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!™

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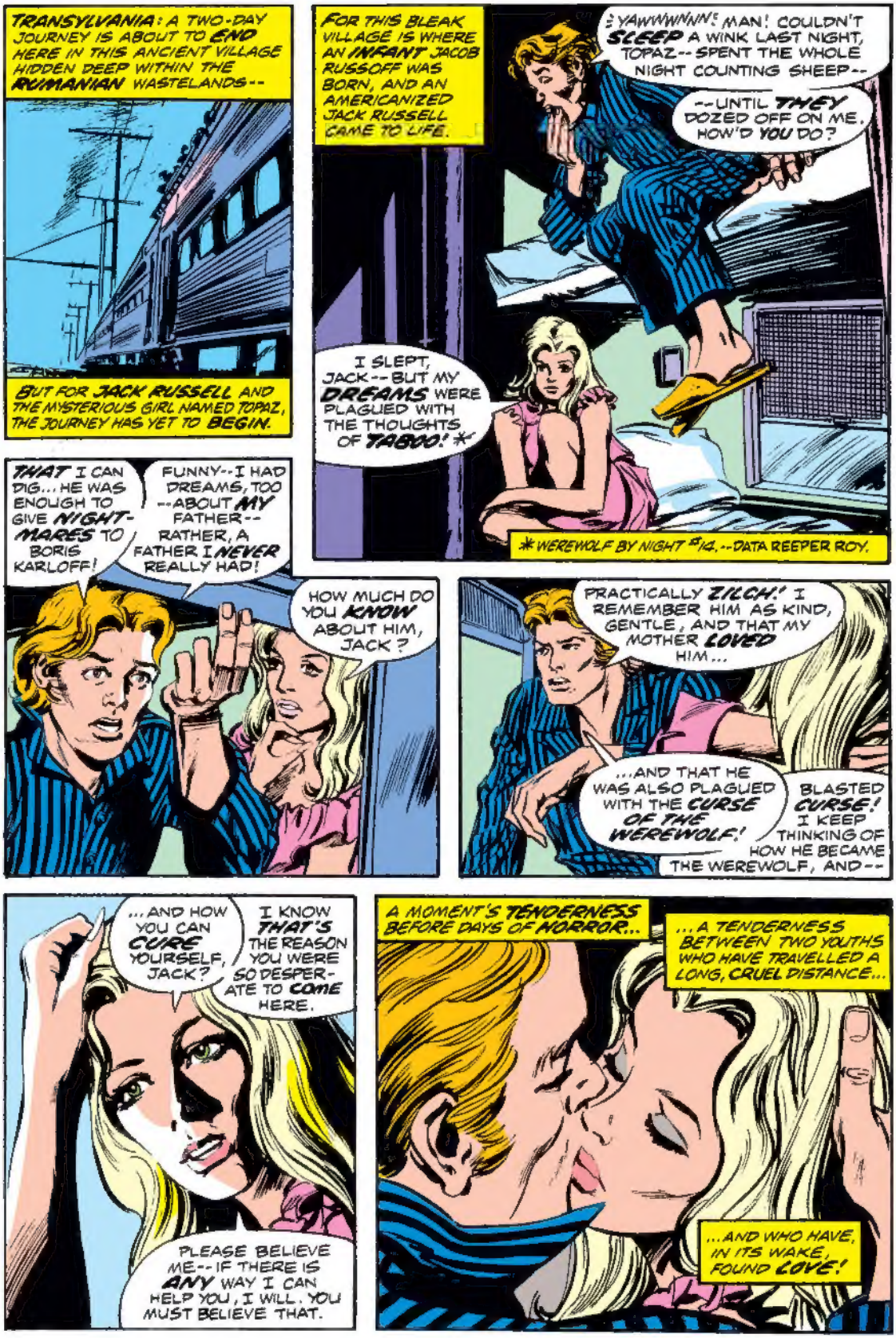
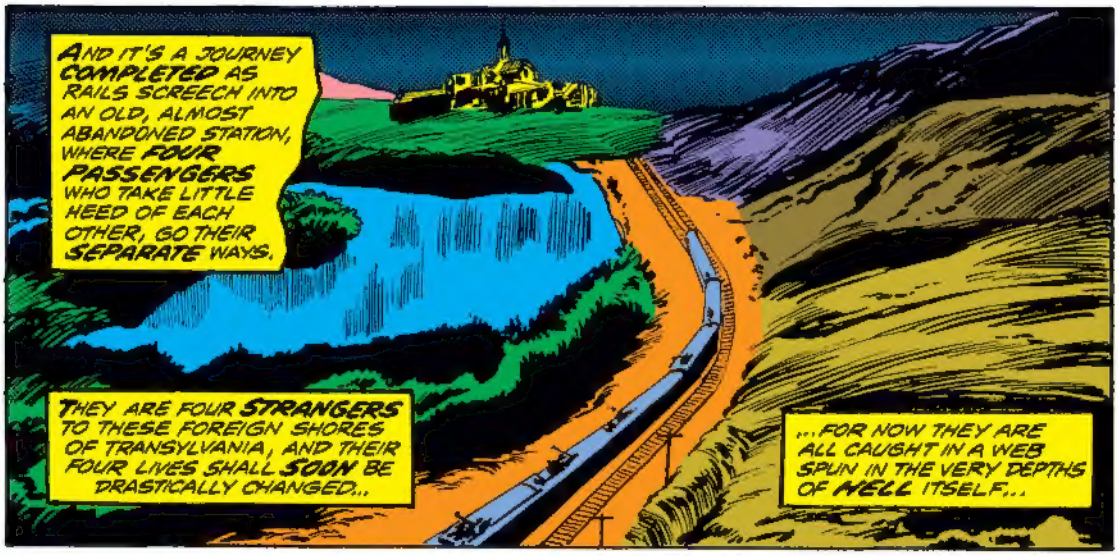
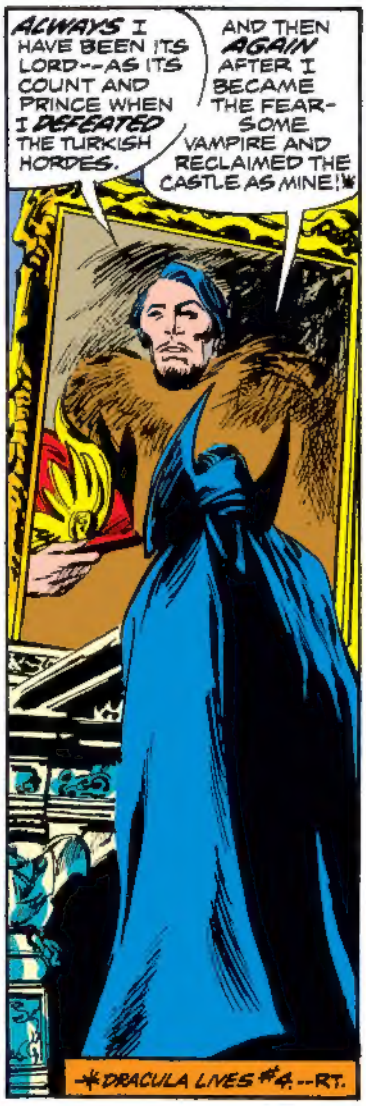
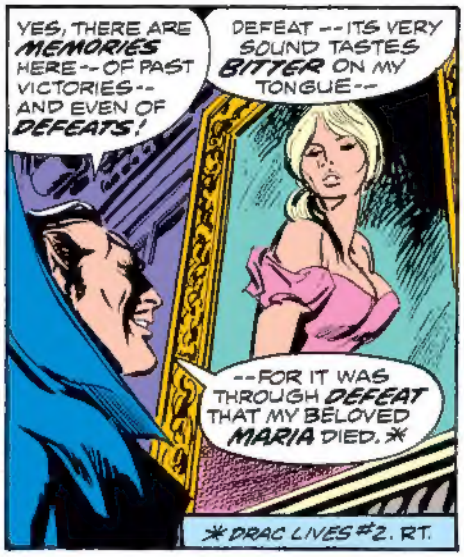

TRANSYLVANIA: A TWO-DAY JOURNEY IS ABOUT TO END HERE IN THIS ANCIENT VILLAGE HIDDEN DEEP WITHIN THE RUMANIAN WASTELANDS--
BUT FOR JACK RUSSELL AND THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL NAMED TOPAZ, THE JOURNEY HAS YET TO BEGIN.
FOR THIS BLEAK VILLAGE IS WHERE AN INFANT JACOB RUSSOFF WAS BORN, AND AN AMERICANIZED JACK RUSSELL CAME TO LIFE.
YAWWWNN! MAN! COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT, TOPAZ-- SPENT THE WHOLE NIGHT COUNTING SHEEP--
--UNTIL THEY DOZED OFF ON ME. HOW'D YOU DO?
I SLEPT, JACK-- BUT MY DREAMS WERE PLAGUED WITH THE THOUGHTS OF TABOO! *
* WEREWOLF BY NIGHT #14.--DATA KEEPER ROY.
THAT I CAN DIG... HE WAS ENOUGH TO GIVE NIGHT-MARES TO BORIS KARLOFF!
FUNNY--I HAD DREAMS, TOO --ABOUT MY FATHER-- RATHER, A FATHER I NEVER REALLY HAD!
HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM, JACK?
PRACTICALLY ZILCH! I REMEMBER HIM AS KIND, GENTLE, AND THAT MY MOTHER LOVED HIM...
...AND THAT HE WAS ALSO PLAGUED WITH THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF!
BLASTED CURSE! I KEEP THINKING OF HOW HE BECAME THE WEREWOLF, AND--
...AND HOW YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF, JACK?
I KNOW THAT'S THE REASON YOU WERE SO DESPERATE TO COME HERE.
PLEASE BELIEVE ME--IF THERE IS ANY WAY I CAN HELP YOU, I WILL. YOU MUST BELIEVE THAT.
A MOMENT'S TENDERNESS BEFORE DAYS OF HORROR..
...A TENDERNESS BETWEEN TWO YOUTHS WHO HAVE TRAVELLED A LONG, CRUEL DISTANCE...
...AND WHO HAVE, IN ITS WAKE, FOUND LOVE!


AND IT'S A JOURNEY COMPLETED AS RAILS SCREECH INTO AN OLD, ALMOST ABANDONED STATION, WHERE FOUR PASSENGERS WHO TAKE LITTLE HEED OF EACH OTHER, GO THEIR SEPARATE WAYS.
THEY ARE FOUR STRANGERS TO THESE FOREIGN SHORES OF TRANSYLVANIA, AND THEIR FOUR LIVES SHALL SOON BE DRASTICALLY CHANGED...
...FOR NOW THEY ARE ALL CAUGHT IN A WEB SPUN IN THE VERY DEPTHS OF HELL ITSELF...

...BY DRACULA--LORD OF DARKNESS, PRINCE OF EVIL--
--AND NEITHER THE TWO YOUTHS, NOR THE VETERAN VAMPIRE HUNTERS CALLED DRAKE AND VAN HELSING SHALL LEAVE THIS TANGLED WEB UNSCATHED!
HOME! AT LAST, AFTER THREE LONG YEARS-- I HAVE RETURNED!

IN ENGLAND AND THE WORLD OVER I AM HUNTED, ATTACKED, HOUNDED!
BUT HERE IN THIS LAND THAT SPAWNED ME-- ALL COWER BEFORE THE SOUND OF MY VOICE--
ALL BOW BEFORE MY LORDLY PRESENCE.
FOR DRACULA IS LORD AND MASTER OF ALL TRANSYLVANIA!!

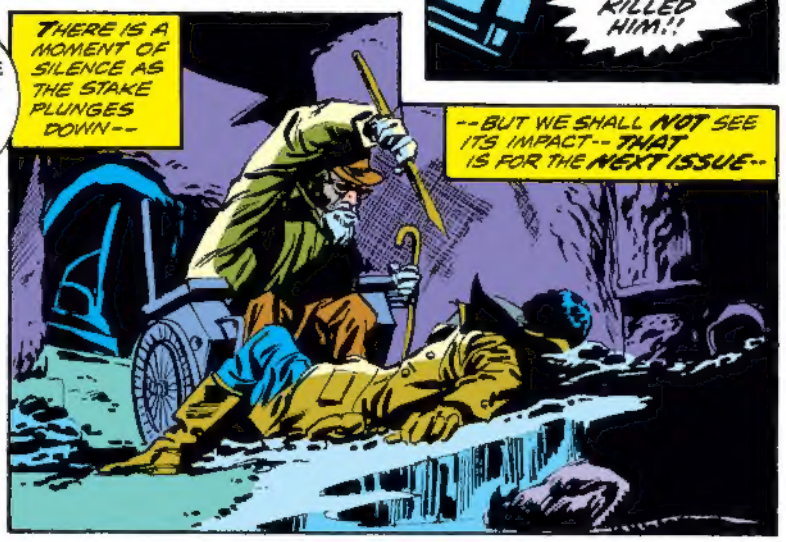

ALWAYS I HAVE BEEN ITS LORD--AS ITS COUNT AND PRINCE WHEN I DEFEATED THE TURKISH HORDES.
AND THEN AGAIN AFTER I BECAME THE FEARSOME VAMPIRE AND RECLAIMED THE CASTLE AS MINE!
*DRACULA LIVES #4.--RT.

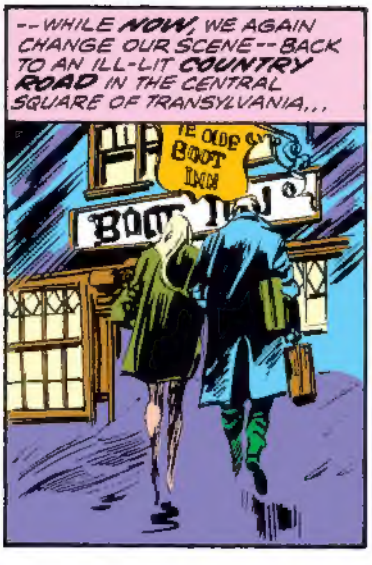

YES, THERE ARE MEMORIES HERE--OF PAST VICTORIES--AND EVEN OF DEFEATS!
DEFEAT--ITS VERY SOUND TASTES BITTER ON MY TONGUE--
--FOR IT WAS THROUGH DEFEAT THAT MY BELOVED MARIA DIED.*
*DRAC LIVES #2. RT.

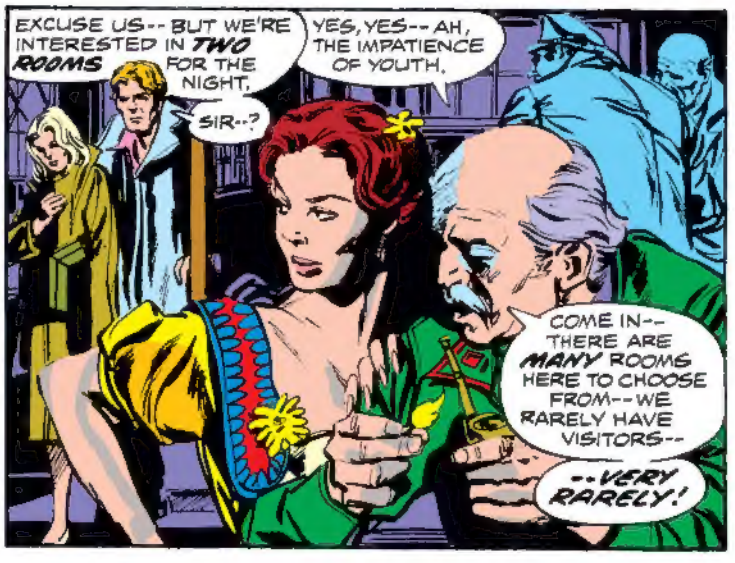
DIED? NO! SHE WAS MURDERED.
THE ONLY WOMAN I HAVE EVER TRULY LOVED MURDERED BY THOSE SELF-RIGHTEOUS SCUM WHO DARE CALL THEMSELVES HUMAN!

WHILE, IN THE CATACOMBS BENEATH PARIS...
BLADE!
AND IN THE NAME OF GOD IN HEAVEN--
--DRACULA'S KILLED HIM!!

FIRST MY WIFE--MY DAUGHTER--AND NOW THIS!
FORGIVE ME, BLADE--BUT THERE IS NO OTHER WAY TO SET YOUR SOUL AT REST...
...ONLY THIS--THIS STAKE MAY GIVE YOU THE PEACE YOU WISH FOR.

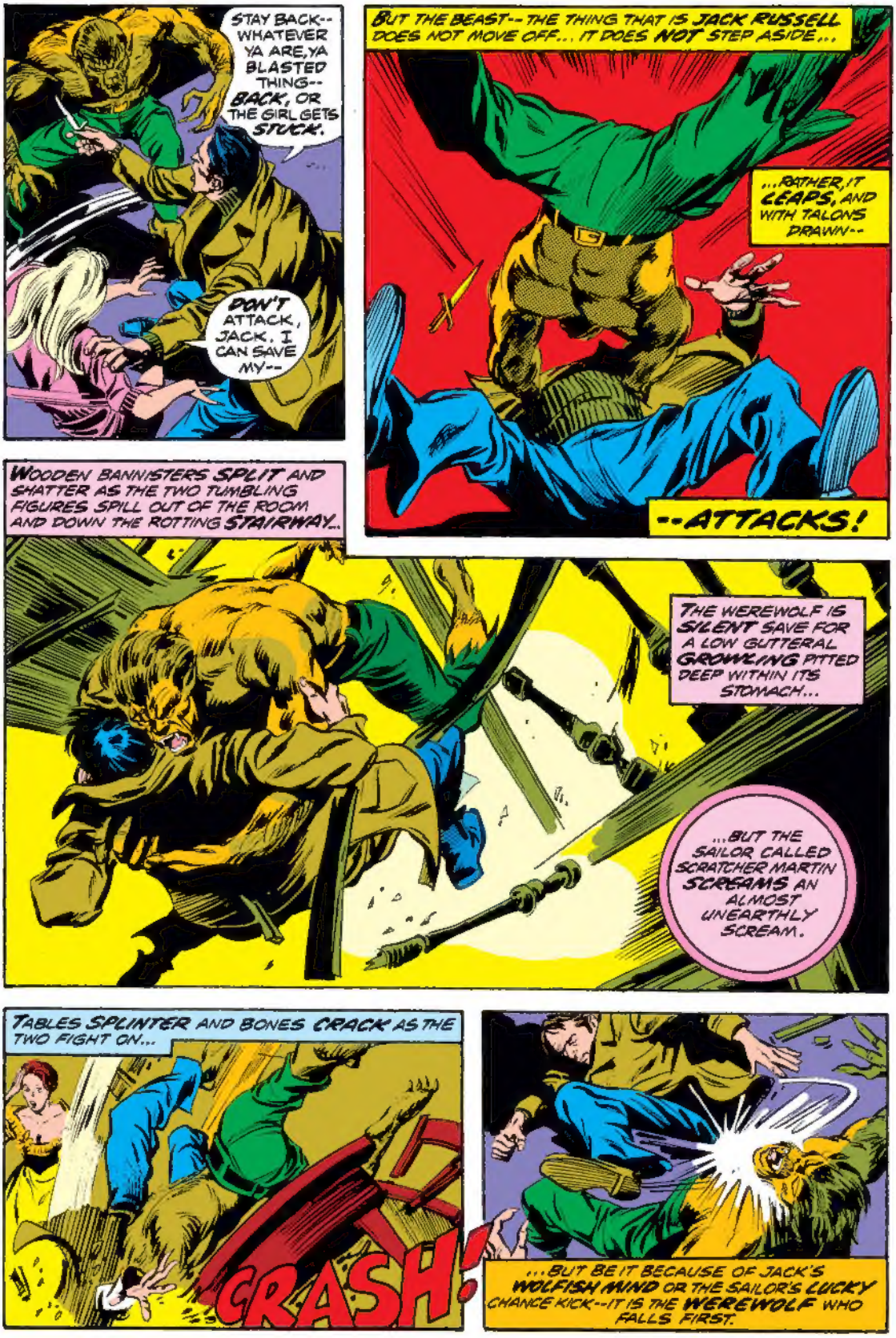

THERE IS A MOMENT OF SILENCE AS THE STAKE PLUNGES DOWN--
--BUT WE SHALL NOT SEE ITS IMPACT--THAT IS FOR THE NEXT ISSUE--


--WHILE NOW, WE AGAIN CHANGE OUR SCENE--BACK TO AN ILL-LIT COUNTRY ROAD IN THE CENTRAL SQUARE OF TRANSYLVANIA...
BOOT


EXCUSE US--BUT WE'RE INTERESTED IN TWO ROOMS FOR THE NIGHT, SIR--?
YES, YES--AH, THE IMPATIENCE OF YOUTH.
COME IN--THERE ARE MANY ROOMS HERE TO CHOOSE FROM--WE RARELY HAVE VISITORS--
--VERY RARELY!

'OW MANY D'YA NEED, OTTO-- WHEN THEY'RE AS LOVELY AS THIS BIRD, EH?
CUM TA SCRATCHER, BIRDEE.
YES, YOU ARE A LOVELY ONE, BIRDEE-- JUS' THE KIND SCRATCHER LOVES TO LOVE.
LET'S GET A MOVE ON TA MY BOAT, BIRDEE.
TOPAZ--?
NO, JACK-- I CAN HANDLE HIM MYSELF.
NO NEED TO, LITTLE LADY--
I DON'T MIND SOILING MY KNUCKLES ON A CREEP LIKE HIM...
...LONG AS I DON'T HAVE TO GET A TETANUS SHOT, THAT IS.
Y' LANDED A GOOD ONE, PUNK-- TOO GOOD!
BUT SCRATCHER DON'T LIKE TO GIT 'IMSELF HIT--
--NOT WITHOUT GETTIN' A BIT OF REVENGE. UNDERSTAND, PUNK?
C'MON, TOPAZ-- THE AIR AROUND HERE'S STARTING TO STINK--
--OF CHEAP BOOZE AND EVEN CHEAPER CREEPS!
HERE'S YOUR HOVEL FOR BETTER OR WORSE, HONEY--AND YOU BETTER LOCK IT TIGHT--
--BECAUSE THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON.
THERE IS NO REASON TO WORRY, JACK-- I CONTROLLED THE BEAST BEFORE*-- AND I CAN DO IT AGAIN IF I MUST.
BUT YOU MUST TRUST ME-- YOU MUST!
*WEREWOLF #13-ROY

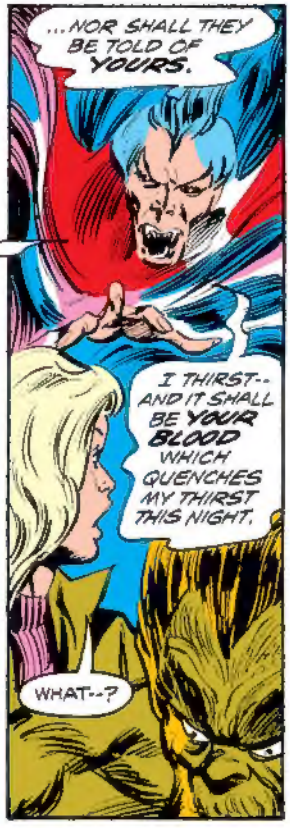
NIGHT, AND TRANSYLVANIA IS QUIET, ALMOST SOUNDLESS...
...EXCEPT FOR THE SOFT RHYTHMIC BEATING OF LEATHERY WINGS...
...WINGS WHICH SOAR THROUGH THE NIGHT IN SEARCH OF... BLOOD.
BUT...
STINKIN' TWERP-- BUT HIS BIRD'LL BE MINE TONIGHT...
...AN' NO RUDDY PUNK'S GONNA STOP ME.
'LESS HE'S TIRED A' BREATHIN!
YOU'VE HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK, SCRATCHER MARTIN-- BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP YOU FROM WOBBLING UP THE CREAKING WOODEN STAIRCASE...
...OR ENTERING THROUGH AN EASILY UNLOCKED DOORWAY...
...AND FACING YOUR DEATH.
...AND THEN LETS YOU SCREAM AS YOUR VERY LIFE FADE FROM YOUR EYES.
IN THE PAST YOU'VE SEEN PINK ELEPHANTS, DANCING FROGS, AND EVEN SLOBBERING SEA WORMS WHILE INTOX-ICATED--
--BUT THE SIGHT WHICH GREETS YOU IN THIS DIMLY LIT ROOM SHAKES THE DRUNKEN STUPOR FROM YOUR EYES...
MOTHER IN HEAVEN-- NO!!
FIRST NIGHT:

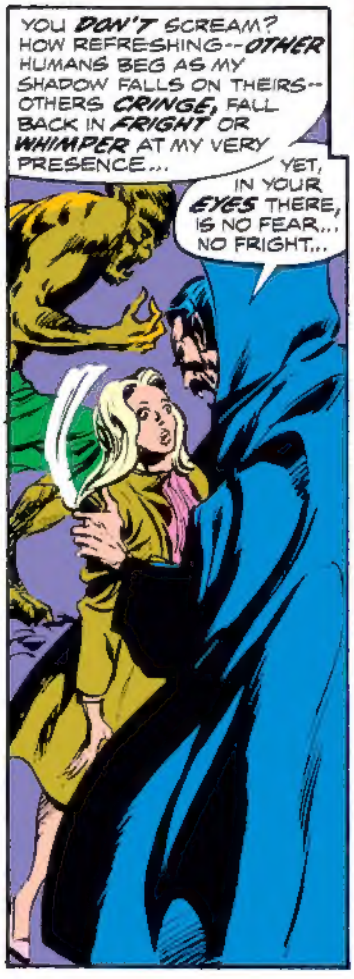

STAY BACK-- WHATEVER YA ARE, YA BLASTED THING-- BACK, OR THE GIRL GETS STUCK.
DON'T ATTACK, JACK. I CAN SAVE MY--
BUT THE BEAST-- THE THING THAT IS JACK RUSSELL DOES NOT MOVE OFF... IT DOES NOT STEP ASIDE...
...RATHER, IT LEAPS, AND WITH TALONS DRAWN--
--ATTACKS!
WOODEN BANNISTERS SPLIT AND SHATTER AS THE TWO TUMBLING FIGURES SPILL OUT OF THE ROOM AND DOWN THE ROTTING STAIRWAY...
THE WEREWOLF IS SILENT SAVE FOR A LOW GUTTERAL GROWLING PITTED DEEP WITHIN ITS STOMACH...
...BUT THE SAILOR CALLED SCRATCHER MARTIN SCREAMS AN ALMOST UNEARTHLY SCREAM.
TABLES SPLINTER AND BONES CRACK AS THE TWO FIGHT ON...
CRASH!
...BUT BE IT BECAUSE OF JACK'S WOLFISH MIND OR THE SAILOR'S LUCKY CHANCE KICK--IT IS THE WEREWOLF WHO FALLS FIRST.

SCRATCHER MARTIN KNOWS WHEN HE IS BEATEN, AND RATHER THAN BATTLE HIS LUPINE FOE ONCE AGAIN...
...HE TURNS AND FLEES.
AT LEAST THIS WAY HE WILL LIVE FOR OTHER FIGHTS...
BUT LIFE IS NOT A COMMODITY THAT SLASHER MARTIN HAS EARNED...
YE OLDE BOOT INN
...AND SO, IT IS THE WEREWOLF WHO ONCE AGAIN RENEWS HIS DEADLY ATTACK.
SLASHER'S SCREAMS MEAN NOTHING TO THE BEAST--FOR WORDS ARE ONLY MEANINGLESS, FOOLISH SOUNDS...
...BUT THE FEAR IN THE SAILOR'S FACE...THAT THE WEREWOLF UNDERSTANDS, AND THAT HE RESPONDS TO...
...WITH MORE FORCE... WITH MORE HATRED.
TWICE...AND TWICE MORE HIS RAZOR-SHARP TALONS SLASH AT THE WRIGGLING, TERRIFIED SAILOR...
...AND THEN THE SCREAMING AND THE WRITHING STOPS...FOREVER.
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM, JACK... I WOULD HAVE STOPPED HIM WITHOUT PAIN... WITHOUT VIOLENCE.
AND NOW, BECAUSE FOR ONE MOMENT YOU WERE A MINDLESS SEETHING BEAST, A PRECIOUS LIFE HAS BEEN STILLED.

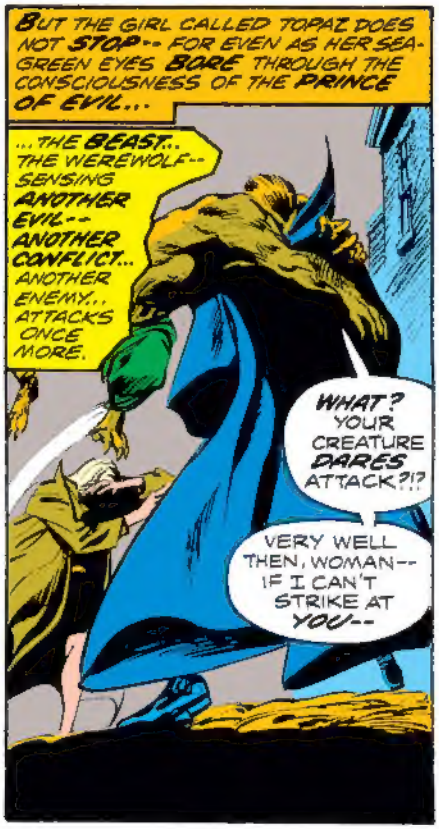
THERE IS...THERE MUST BE A MIND... YOUR MIND HIDING SOMEWHERE INSIDE THERE, JACK...AND YOU COULD HAVE STOPPED THE ATTACK IF YOU WANTED TO...
WE MUST FIND THAT INTELLIGENCE BEFORE YOU KILL AGAIN...

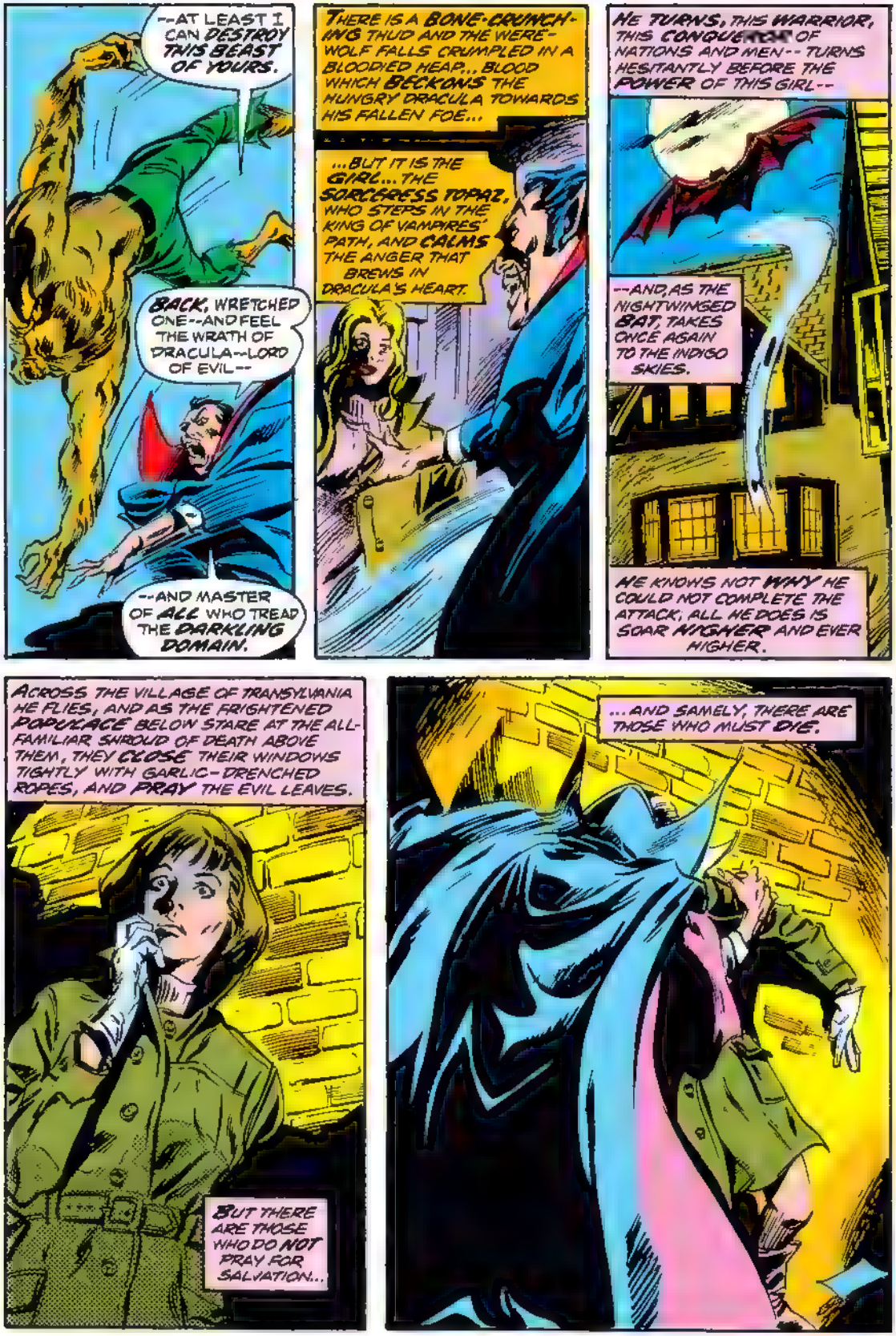
BUT NOW, COME WITH ME--THE AUTHORITIES MUST BE NOTIFIED BEFORE WE CAN DO ANYTHING ELSE.
NO, WOMAN--NO ONE SHALL BE TOLD OF THAT SAILOR'S DEATH...


...NOR SHALL THEY BE TOLD OF YOURS.
I THIRST--AND IT SHALL BE YOUR BLOOD WHICH QUENCHES MY THIRST THIS NIGHT.
WHAT--?


YOU DON'T SCREAM? HOW REFRESHING--OTHER HUMANS BEG AS MY SHADOW FALLS ON THEIRS--OTHERS CRINGE, FALL BACK IN FRIGHT OR WHIMPER AT MY VERY PRESENCE...
YET, IN YOUR EYES THERE, IS NO FEAR... NO FRIGHT...

YOUR EYES... THEY... THEY...
WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME...? I FEEL YOUR EYES PROBING INTO MINE--TEARING INTO MY BRAIN...
STOP! DRACULA COMMANDS THAT YOU STOP!!

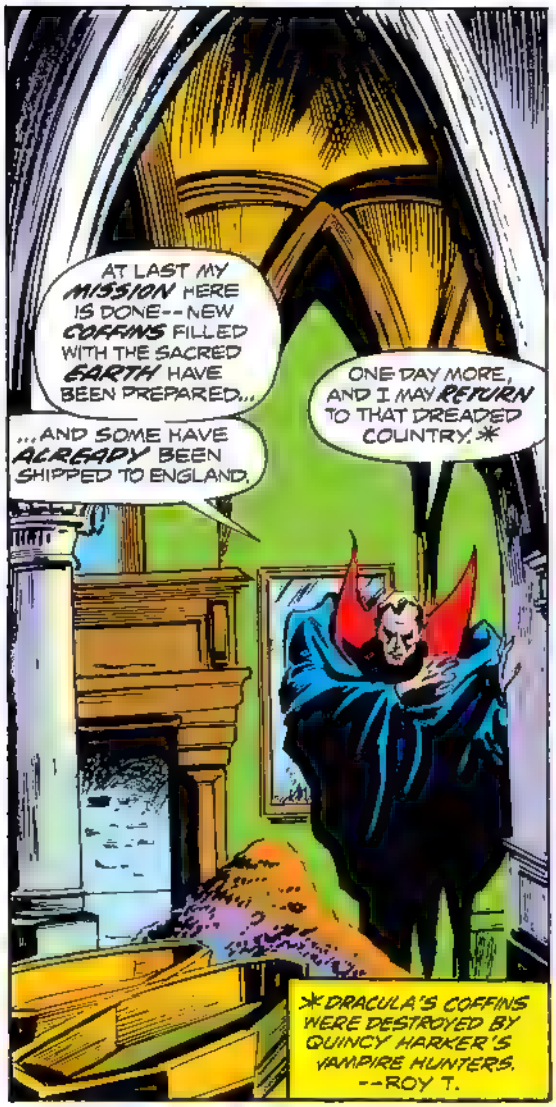

BUT THE GIRL CALLED TOPAZ DOES NOT STOP--FOR EVEN AS HER SEA-GREEN EYES BORE THROUGH THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE PRINCE OF EVIL...
...THE BEAST... THE WEREWOLF--SENSING ANOTHER EVIL--ANOTHER CONFLICT... ANOTHER ENEMY... ATTACKS ONCE MORE.
WHAT? YOUR CREATURE DARES ATTACK?!?
VERY WELL THEN, WOMAN--IF I CAN'T STRIKE AT YOU--


--AT LEAST I CAN DESTROY THIS BEAST OF YOURS.
BACK, WRETCHED ONE--AND FEEL THE WRATH OF DRACULA--LORD OF EVIL--
--AND MASTER OF ALL WHO TREAD THE DARKLING DOMAIN.
THERE IS A BONE-CRUNCHING THUD AND THE WERE-WOLF FALLS CRUMPLED IN A BLOODIED HEAP... BLOOD WHICH BECKONS THE HUNGRY DRACULA TOWARDS HIS FALLEN FOE...
...BUT IT IS THE GIRL... THE SORCERESS TOPAZ, WHO STEPS IN THE KING OF VAMPIRES' PATH, AND CALMS THE ANGER THAT BREWS IN DRACULA'S HEART.
HE TURNS, THIS WARRIOR, THIS CONQUEROR OF NATIONS AND MEN-- TURNS HESITANTLY BEFORE THE POWER OF THIS GIRL--
--AND, AS THE NIGHTWINGED BAT, TAKES ONCE AGAIN TO THE INDIGO SKIES.
HE KNOWS NOT WHY HE COULD NOT COMPLETE THE ATTACK; ALL HE DOES IS SOAR HIGHER AND EVER HIGHER.
ACROSS THE VILLAGE OF TRANSYLVANIA HE FLIES, AND AS THE FRIGHTENED POPULACE BELOW STARE AT THE ALL-FAMILIAR SHROUD OF DEATH ABOVE THEM, THEY CLOSE THEIR WINDOWS TIGHTLY WITH GARLIC-DRENCHED ROPES, AND PRAY THE EVIL LEAVES.
BUT THERE ARE THOSE WHO DO NOT PRAY FOR SALVATION...
...AND SAMELY, THERE ARE THOSE WHO MUST DIE.

20 HOURS LATER, AND ACROSS THE LARGE EXPANSE OF TRANSYLVANIA...
THIS IS IT, TOPAZ-- RUSSOFF MANOR.
BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF THOSE OLD UNIVERSAL MOVIES, DOESN'T IT?
NOW, IF I CAN FIND ONE LITTLE THING...
BUT WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU SEARCHING FOR?
I KNOW SOME THINGS,,, SMALL DETAILS... SOME ANSWERS-- BUT THERE ARE STILL SO MANY MORE QUESTIONS.
I REMEMBER MY FATHER AS A GENTLE MAN,,,
GUESS WHAT I REALLY WANT IS SOMETHING-- ANYTHING --TO FILL IN THE MANY PIECES THAT ARE MISPLACED IN MY LIFE.
--AH, JACOB-- YOU'RE A BIG LAD, EH?
BIG LIKE YOUR FATHER-- BRIGHT LIKE YOUR MOTHER!
I REMEMBER MY MOTHER TELLING ME OF THE NIGHT MY FATHER DIED...
THERE--IN THE SHADOWS-- SOMETHING MOVED!
WEREWOLF!
THOUGH SHE WASN'T THERE--MY MOTHER TOLD ME--SHE COULD HEAR THE SOUND OF GUNSHOTS--
BLAM BLAM
"AND MY FATHER DIED-- THE SILVER BULLET PIERCING HIS HEART."
AAARRGGHH

YEAH, THOSE ARE SOME OF THE ANSWERS... BUT GOD KNOWS THEY'RE NOT ALL.
AND FURTHERMORE-- I KEEP WONDERING IF I REALLY WANT TO KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS.
JACK-- COME HERE, I THINK I'VE FOUND IT
IT'S A DIARY-- BUT IT'S BEEN BOUND AND LOCKED.
DIARY
THEN I DEFINITELY WANT TO READ IT.
PERHAPS I CAN CRACK THE LOCK-- IT MUST BE HALF-CRUMBLING WITH AGE ANYHOW.
WAIT A MINUTE-- WHAT'S THIS LEATHER TAB -- IT'S NOT A BOOKMARK OR A--
JACK--LOOK-- A DOOR IS OPENING.
DIARY
BINGO! SOMEHOW MY FATHER MUST'VE RIGGED UP A SYSTEM FOR OPENING THIS PASSAGE BY PULLING THE TAB
NEXT STEP, I GUESS, IS TO LEARN WHY.
YOU STILL WITH ME, HONEY?
ALWAYS, JACK
MOTHER ONCE MENTIONED THAT HE'D LOCK HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM FOR HOURS AT A TIME--
--AND NOW I KNOW WHY.
THERE, TOPAZ-- THROUGH THE FOG AND MIST-- THAT'S WHAT MY FATHER WAS DOING. LOOK!

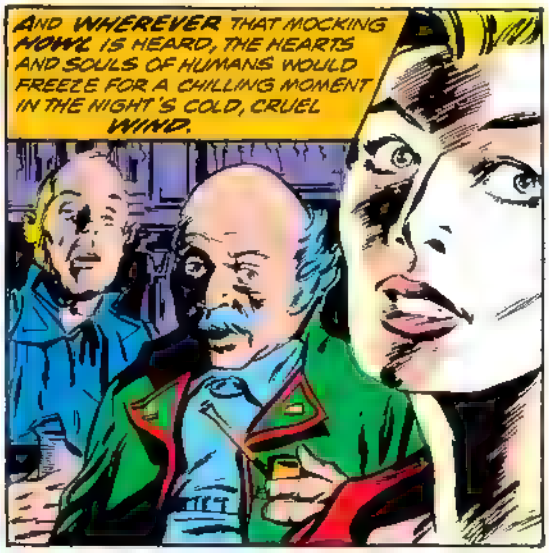
CASTLE DRACULA LAY BENEATH THE MANY-SHROUDED LAYERS OF FOGGY GLOOM, HALF SEEN BY THE LIVING SOULS OF THE FRIGHTENED VILLAGE BELOW...
I'VE SEEN PICTURES OF THAT BEFORE, TOPAZ--IT'S CASTLE DRACULA...
...AND FOR SOME REASON... MY FATHER WAS OBSERVING IT.
WHICH MEANS, TOPAZ--I'M GOING INSIDE-- TO EXPLORE IT!
BUT NOW... HERE IN THE LOWER DEPTHS BENEATH RUSSOFF MANOR, ITS AWESOME SPECTER GLIMMERS IN THE LIGHT OF THE SINKING SUN...
BUT NOT NOW...NOT AT THIS MOMENT...FOR THEY MUST STARE A WHILE LONGER AT THE GRANDEUR THAT LIES BEFORE THEM...
...AYE-- THE GRANDEUR--AND ALSO THE TERROR!
FOR INSIDE THAT DARK-KNIGHTED TEMPLE OF HELL WAITS THE MAN-BAT MEN DARE CALL DRACULA...
THIS CASTLE IS HIS HOME... HIS BIRTHPLACE ...AND AS SUCH IT HOLDS A SPECIAL PLACE IN EVEN HIS COLD HEART.
FOR IT IS ALSO HERE THAT HE LEFT HIS BIRTHRIGHT OF HUMANITY BEHIND, AND DONNED THE CLOAK OF THE UNDEAD.


AT LAST MY MISSION HERE IS DONE--NEW COFFINS FILLED WITH THE SACRED EARTH HAVE BEEN PREPARED...
...AND SOME HAVE ALREADY BEEN SHIPPED TO ENGLAND.
ONE DAY MORE, AND I MAY RETURN TO THAT DREADED COUNTRY.*
*DRACULA'S COFFINS WERE DESTROYED BY QUINCY HARKER'S VAMPIRE HUNTERS. --ROY T.

BUT I'LL NOT RETURN TO LIVE BENEATH A CEMETERY GROUNDS-- FOR THAT IS NOT THE WAY OF A DRACULA.
I AM A COUNT-- A PRINCE-- AND AS SUCH, DIGNITY MUST BE MINE--

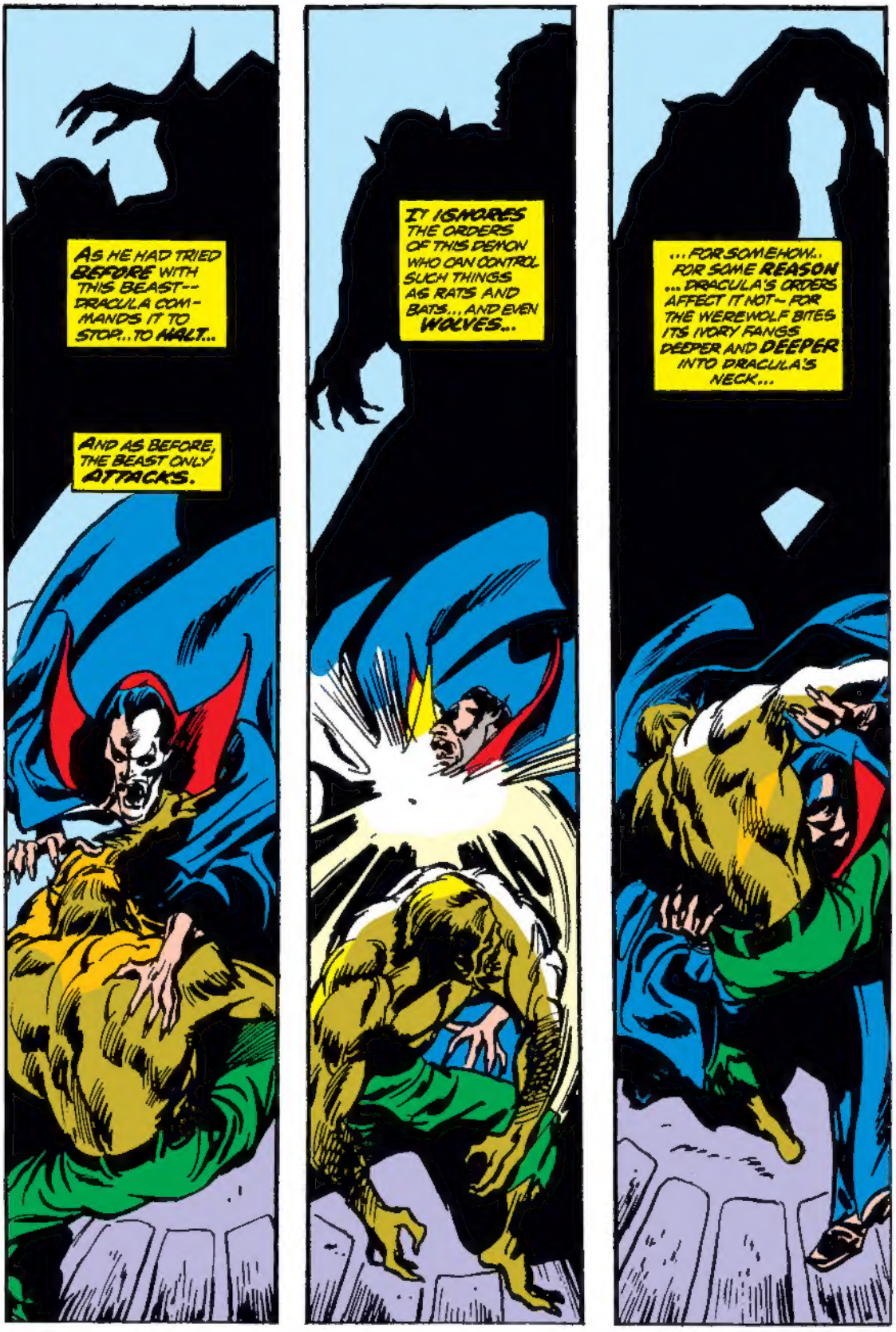
THUS THIS DAY I DO SWEAR--DRACULA SHALL HIDE NO MORE-- FLEE AGAIN FROM NO MORTAL MAN--
--AND, IF ANY HUMAN DARES DO BATTLE WITH ME--THEN IT SHALL BE ME WHO MUST RUN 'TIL THE HEAVENS THEMSELVES WEEP WITH PITY FOR HIS DYING SOUL.

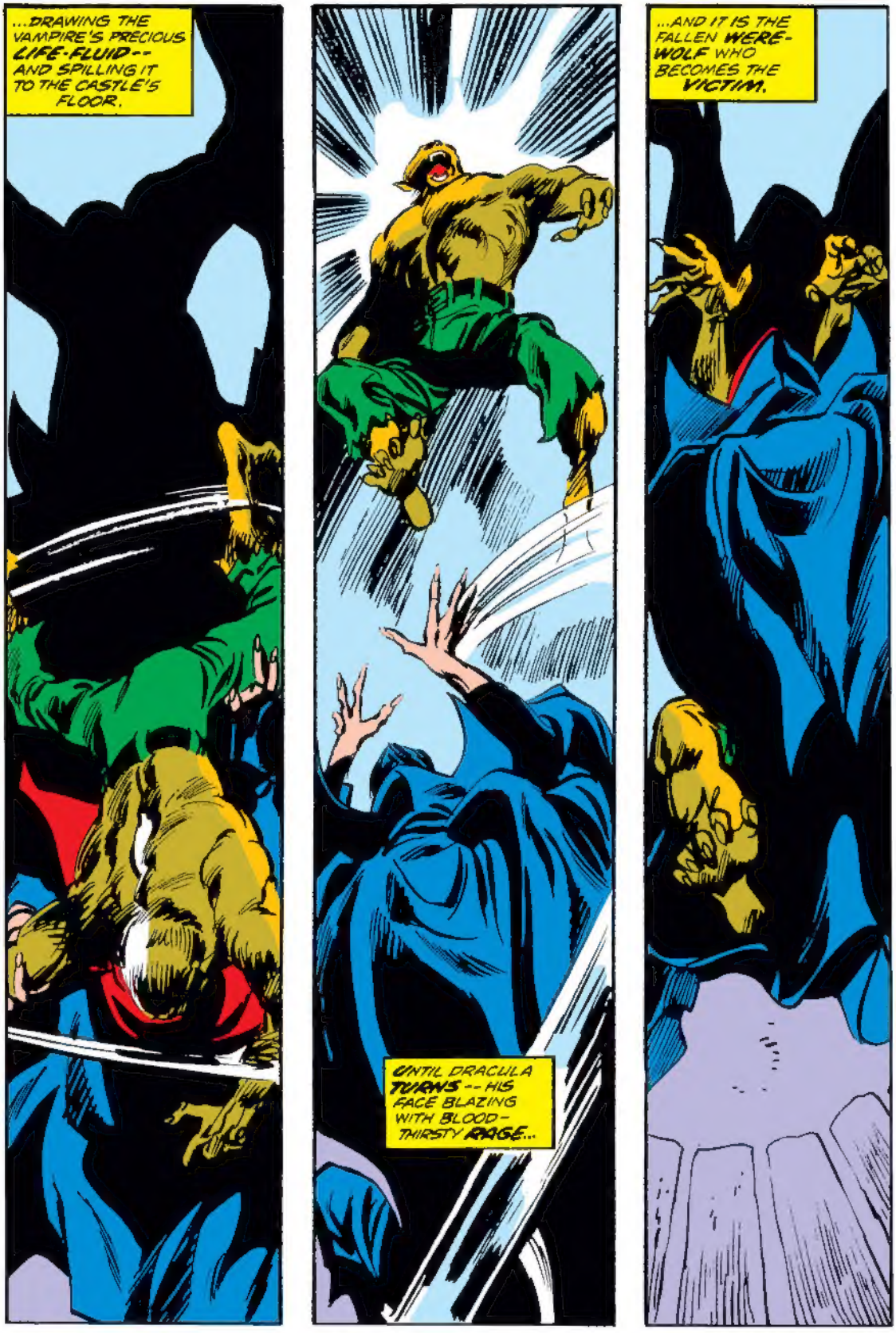
ONCE THERE WERE LEGENDS OF DRACULA'S RAGE, FOR IT WAS SAID THAT ON THE NIGHTS HE SCREAMED AT THE HEAVENS--
YE OLDE BOOT INN
--HIS VOICE COULD BE HEARD THE WORLD OVER, ROARING WITH THE CRACKLING SHARDS OF LIGHTNING AND THUNDER.


AND WHEREVER THAT MOCKING HOWL IS HEARD, THE HEARTS AND SOULS OF HUMANS WOULD FREEZE FOR A CHILLING MOMENT IN THE NIGHT'S COLD, CRUEL WIND.

SO IT HAS BEEN DECIDED, AND MY PLANS ARE NOW COMPLETE. TOMORROW I LEAVE FOR LONDON--
--TO RECLAIM THE BIRTHRIGHT THAT IS MINE!
BUT...
...AH, I SEE THOSE TWO YOUNG FOOLS FROM THE VILLAGE HAVE FOLLOWED ME TO MY CASTLE...
VERY WELL-- THE GIRL INTERESTED ME-- FOR THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HER... EYES... SOME POWER SHE POSSESSED THAT I WISH TO STUDY.
YES... I DO WISH TO LEARN NOW SHE KEPT ME FROM DESTROYING HER.
AND NOW SHE HAS STUMBLED DIRECTLY TO ME. GOOD.. VERY GOOD!
HIS TONGUE CURLS AROUND AND BEHIND HIS FANGS AS HE LEAPS FROM THE TOWER ROOF--
--AND FLIES ONCE AGAIN AS THE RAVEN-WINGED BAT.
HIS WINGS ARE SILENT, BUT IT IS THE LOW SHRILL HISSING FROM HIS LIPS WHICH ALERTS JACK RUSSELL AND THE GIRL NAMED TOPAZ...
TOPAZ-- RUN!
IT'S DRACULA-- ATTACKING!!

BUT BEFORE THE GIRL CAN MOVE...
TOPAZ--! GOOD LORD-- HE'S TAKEN HER!
BUT I'LL FOLLOW, TOPAZ-- I'LL SEARCH THROUGHOUT CASTLE DRACULA UNTIL I FIND YOU.
THAT I SWEAR, TOPAZ-- THAT I SWEAR!
ONE HOUR JACK RUSSELL SCALES THE PEAK TO CASTLE DRACULA--BUT AS HE REACHES THE HIGHEST PLATEAU HE FAILS TO SEE A SILVER-SPECKED ORB RISE INTO AN INDIGO SKY...
...AN ORB WHICH BATHES HIM IN THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON.
SECOND NIGHT:
HOWEVER, INSIDE CASTLE DRACULA...
THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, DRACULA--
--EVEN I CAN NOT EXPLAIN MY POWERS.
YOU KNEW WHAT I WAS ABOUT TO ASK--? INTERESTING.
THEN YOU ALSO KNOW WHAT I SHALL DO WITH YOU--
SHOULD YOU FAIL TO DO AS I COMMAND.
DRACULA WAITS FOR THE GIRL'S REPLY... BUT ALL HE HEARS IS SILENCE... AND THEN THE HARSH GUTTERAL GROWLING...
...OF THE WEREWOLF!
WHAT? YOUR BEAST ATTACKS HERE IN-- MY CASTLE?
HOW HE CAME HERE IS OF NO INTEREST TO ME--
--BUT IT IS HERE THAT HE SHALL FINALLY PERISH!


AS HE HAD TRIED BEFORE WITH THIS BEAST--DRACULA COMMANDS IT TO STOP...TO HALT...
AND AS BEFORE, THE BEAST ONLY ATTACKS.
IT IGNORES THE ORDERS OF THIS DEMON WHO CAN CONTROL SUCH THINGS AS RATS AND BATS... AND EVEN WOLVES...
...FOR SOMEHOW... FOR SOME REASON ...DRACULA'S ORDERS AFFECT IT NOT-- FOR THE WEREWOLF BITES ITS IVORY FANGS DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO DRACULA'S NECK...


...DRAWING THE VAMPIRE'S PRECIOUS LIFE-FLUID-- AND SPILLING IT TO THE CASTLE'S FLOOR.
UNTIL DRACULA TURNS -- HIS FACE BLAZING WITH BLOOD-THIRSTY RAGE...
...AND IT IS THE FALLEN WERE-WOLF WHO BECOMES THE VICTIM.

STAY AWAY FROM HIM, DRACULA. I DON'T WANT TO USE MY POWERS..
--BUT IF YOU TRY TO HARM HIM, I PROMISE YOU I WILL.
YOU THREATEN DRACULA, WOMAN? DO YOU TRULY REALIZE THE FOLLY OF YOUR ATTEMPT?
BUT, NO MATTER-- FOR YOU'LL NOT HAVE TIME TO DO ANYTHING--
--NOT WHILE YOU'RE SPRAWLED UNCONSCIOUS AT MY FEET.
FOR I HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR YOU, GIRL--
--BUT FOR NOW, DRACULA THIRSTS--
--AND HE THIRSTS THE BLOOD OF THE WEREWOLF!
CONTINUED IN WEREWOLF BY NIGHT #15 WHERE WE LEARN THE ORIGIN OF THE WEREWOLF, AND THE CONCLUSION OF THE MOST SENSES-SHATTERING BATTLE OF THEM ALL.
SNOWBOUND in HELL!